

1946

Looking back 46 years ago, we remember our honeymoon very vividly. To begin with, I was disappointed in the hotel my husband chose to spend our "first night" in. It was the Temperance House or Henry Hubbs Hotel. Of course, I wanted Hotel Niagara since it was the most high classed hotel in Niagara Falls at the time. Since we were married on May 30, 1946, it was Memorial Day and all of the rooms at the Hotel Niagara were booked. When we entered the hotel after our reception, I noticed some shady-looking characters. Being only 19-years-old and naive, I took my orchid corsage off of my suit and dumped it into the waistbasket. I did not want them to think that we were newlyweds.

After our memorable night, we packed our luggage in the back seat of our 1937 4-door Chevy. We were headed for the Picadilly Hotel in New York City. When we were half-way there, our car broke down. Luckily, we found a garage that was able to repair the clutch. Once in New York, we did not intend to use our car. We parked it in the hotel garage. All of a sudden, we smelled something foul in the trunk. When we opened it up, it stunk to high heaven with sauerkraut juice!

Since there was a wedding boom a year after World War II, food was scarce. We had to go to the Buffalo Market for a lot of our wedding food. Sauerkraut being a must at our Polish reception, we brought it back in our car. The tub of kraut spilled, and the juice seeped and saturated the wooden floor. Needless to say, the smell was overpowering. We bought some cheap perfume thinking it would kill the smell.

Two of our friends, who also married that same week, had agreed to meet us in New York. Since our friends lived in New York, they would be able to show us the good shows and sites. They called us from the hotel lobby late at night. My husband said I could stay in bed, and he went down to the lobby to bring them back to our room. He made sure that the door was locked and chained. By the

time he came up with them, I had fallen soundly asleep. When my husband unlocked the door with the key, it would not open because of the chain. They knocked, yelled, and whistled but could not wake me. My husband became worried and called the bell boy who in turn called the bell captain. they phoned the room from the front desk, but I still did not answer. The bell captain said, "Is she drunk?" My husband replied, "She has never had a drink in her life!" They finally ended up cutting the chain. As the five of them entered the room, they saw me sit up, rub my eyes, and ask, "What's happening?" We all had a good laugh.

The rest of our honeymoon was delightful. New York in 1946 was the place to be for plenty of good shows, food, and entertainment. We spent ten beautiful days there. As we were ready to leave, the parking attendant pointed to our car. He had parked it in a desolate corner by itself. Other customers had complained about the smell of cheap perfume and sauerkraut juice.

We celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary in New York, and we are hoping to celebrate our 50th.

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